

## What Really Happened

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> <br> I can't have been the first one to notice this. Nah, it just isn't possible. So many bathos-laden, tortured stories about Rogue and Gambit, how they love each other so much but they can't touch or she'll kill him, blah, blah, blah. Aren't any of you people twisted enough to really consider the options?

> <br> Gambit, Rogue, and Jean are property of Marvel Comics. The story, however, is mine.  
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> <p>Jean was in the kitchen that evening when Rogue rushed through, alternately hopping and flying as she tried to fasten her heels without stopping. Her usual garb had been abandoned for a simple sun dress in mint green. The telepath could sense Rogue's excitement and smiled to herself, combining the belle's mood with her dress. "Date with Gambit, dear?" she asked rhetorically.<p>

Rogue flashed a dazzling smile, then turned to adjust the buckle on one shoe's strap. "He's takin' me minature golfin'. Ain't that romantic?"

Jean tried not to feel condescending. A couple who couldn't even kiss

likely had a different definition of romantic than she and Scott had. "Sounds lovely, dear. Hold still for a moment; your dress isn't zippered all the way." She reached out with a tendril of telekinetic energy and pulled the tab up the remaining inch.

Rogue craned her neck around in an attempt to see her back. "Thanks, sugah." She finger-combed her hair so the white patch fell over her brow towards her left eye and tugged at the hem of her dress. "Am ah all togethah?"

"You look lovely."

"Ah'm off, then. See ya later!" She slung her purse over one arm and dashed out the door.

Jean smiled sadly at the tragedy of their doomed relationship, then turned back to her novel.

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Remy was waiting for her outside, leaning against his convertible and staring at the sky. He looked down to watch her approach, smiling in appreciation of the way the pale dress hugged her generous curves. He opened the passenger-side door and bowed gallantly. "Youah chariot awaits, ma cherie." He closed the door and circled over to the driver's side. "So where Gambit an' th' pretty femme goin' tonight, eh?"

She smiled up at him as he slid into the driver's seat. "Minature golfin'."

He laughed. "Ain't dat romantic. Where we really goin'?"

Her smile became wicked. "Where d'you think we're goin', Swamp Rat?"

"Eh behn, Gambit t'inks dere's dis charmin' hotel couple miles down de road..."

She raised an eyebrow in mock surprise. "Oh, is there? Wha's so special 'bout this hotel, then?"

He gave her an innocent look in return. "Dere's dis one room in partic'lar, de same people be in it jus' bout every weekend, tu sais?"

"Nah, y'don't say! Wonder why they do that."

He looked at her gravely and started the car. "De TV in dat room has cable an' HBO."

They pulled out of the driveway with a screech of tires, leaving behind exhaust fumes and the lingering sound of Rogue's laughter.

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He ran his hand slowly up and down the curves of her body, feeling her warmth through the unique silk sheet. "You ever t'ink we should tell de ot'ers we be doin' dis?"

Her ungloved left hand twined a lock of his hair in her hands. "Nah, sugah. You want ever'body from Jubilee t' th' Professah t' get mental images o' th' measures we'ah takin' t' do th' dance togethah? We'd 'least have t' explain th' sheet, an' y'know Hank'd plague us for embarrassin' details t' make sure we was bein' safe. 'Sides, it's kinda fun bein' known as th' girl so hot she's snared herself a Cajun \_without\_ sex."

"Oui, mais dis poor Cajun's reputation as a wild card be sufferin'."

She laughed. "Poor thing. Don't know how I can convince you not t' sulk 'bout it."

He leered. "Brib'ry?"

"Bribery. Hmm. Whatd'ya want, sugah?" She slid her silk-gloved right hand along the curve of his cheek, then trailed it further down his chest, pausing at his waist.

"Well, Gambit kinda hungry..."

She snatched the hand back indignantly. "Hungry? You ate just 'bout half a cow for dinner!"

He grinned. "Just hungry for a little Southern peach, is all..." He leaned down and nibbled her side through the sheet.

She squealed and twisted away. "Youah insatiable, Remy!"

He only laughed and reached for the diaphragm by the bed, his fingers already searching for the strategically placed hole in the sheet.

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> <p>Author's note. The coital sheet really exists, although I don't know if it's really used anymore. It was a popular Catholic thing 'back in the days'. Couples were only supposed to have sex with the thick cottonlinen sheet between them, to ensure that their copulation was purely for procreational purposes rather than sinful pleasure in each other's bodies. However, silk is a really nifty fabric. It transmits most of the tactile sensations of someone touching you, but prevents actual skin-to-skin contact. People who don't think Rogue and Gambit can have sex without altering Rogue's powers first are terribly unimaginative.

End  
file.